

ABILENE REFLECTOR

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THE HOUSE OF HATE.

My name is Blossom, and the soft blue hills in sight; But betwixt his house and the hills I builded a house for spite; And the name thereof I set in stone-work over the gate.

With a carving of bats and apes; and I called it The House of Hate.

And the front was alive with masks of malice and of despair. Horred demons that leered in stone, and women with serpent hair;

That, whenever his glance would rest on the soft hills far and blue, It must fall on mine evil work, and my hatred should pierce him through.

And I said: "I will dwell herein, for behold my heart's desire On my foe, and I knelt, and faint had brightened the heart with fire."

But the winds they howled, his and his, and with curses a strangled man; And the heart was cold from the hour that the House of Hate began.

And I called with a voice of power: "Make ye merry, all friends of mine, In the hall of my House of Hate, where is plenty of store, and wine;

We will drink unhealth together unto him I have foiled and fooled!" And they stared, and they passed me by; but I scorned to be thereby schooled.

And I ordered my board for feast, and I drank in the topmost seat; Choice grapes from a curious cask; and the first it was sweeter sweet.

But the second was bitter, and the third was bitter and black, And the gloom of the grave came on me, and I cast the cup to wrack.

Alone, I was stark alone, and the shadows were each a fear, And things I laughed, but once, for the echoes were strange to hear.

And the wind on the stairway howled, as a green-eyed woe might cry; And I heard my heart: I must look on the face of a man, or die!

So I crept to my mirrored face, and I looked, and I saw it grow; (By the light in my shaking hand) to the like of the masks of stone;

And with horror I shrieked aloud as I flung my torch and fire; And a fire-sprite writhed where it fell, and at midnight the sky was red.

And at morn, when the House of Hate was a ruin, despoiled of flame, I fell at mine enemy's feet, and besought him to slay my shame.

But he looked in mine eyes and smiled, and his eyes were calm and great; "You rave, or have dreamed," he said: "I saw not your House of Hate!"

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"And nobody but me would ever think of hypocritizing your trumpet," said the

naughty girl, under her breath.

"Who's your papa?" Mr. Nicklepod continued.

"Quite well, but a little cross," said Florence, bending over the "porringer" as she called it. "I hope you are not cross, Mr. Nicklepod."

"The smile deepened about the girl's mouth as she wondered what must have been her expression of countenance when giving utterance to these words. She felt it to be the most designing speech of her life."

"Cross with you?" protested the old man gallantly. "Impossible. I can't believe the judge is ever cross, Blossom; but if he is, you can run right away to my house any time, and you shall have any thing you want as long as you live."

"I seem to be traveling by lightning express, and on the locomotive at that," said the minx, sotto voce. "But what would papa do?" she asked of the trumpet.

"You will be leaving him some time, I suppose, Blossom?"

"Yes, about fifty years," said the girl to herself.

"And you see, child," Mr. Nicklepod went on, "it would be very handy for your pa if he only had to come next door to see you."

"I never thought of that," said Flossie; "and I guess I'll come," she said aloud, and then to herself: "I wish I dared ask him how long he thinks he is going to live."

"I've a good mind to take you at your word, Blossom. I'm a pretty old man, but hearty yet, and there is one thing I haven't forgot, and that's how to treat women folks. I'm a very lonesome old duffer, too, with all my money, child."

"The back gate would be real convenient for papa, wouldn't it?" said Flossie into the trumpet, and in a tone which was just on the edge of a sob. "But by what gate could Jack come in?" was the next thought, and the April tears fell in a blinding mist.

"Blossom, what's the matter?" said the old man, with real concern. "I can't be possible that the judge has really been cross enough to make you cry?"

"O, no, indeed!" said Flossie. "I was thinking how nice it would be to have all the flowers I wanted!"

"You could have had those at any time," was the somewhat disconcerted response.

"Yes, Mr. Nicklepod!" Flossie was determined to be honest even in the hour of her greatest deceit—"and all the money."

The seamed and wrinkled face took on a queer expression, and the old head shook a little at the mention of this word.

"Money isn't every thing, Blossom, or keep the rheumatism out of my knees, or the loneliness from my heart. But you shall have money. Now go and tell John to cut all the flowers you want, and then run home and tell your pa of my offer. I think you had both better come in and take dinner with me to-night, and we'll talk it all over."

"He doesn't act particularly hilarious, seems to me," said Flossie, as she turned away. "But I'm engaged, anyway—plighted to an octogenarian, or a centurian, or something of that kind. Jack'll hate me, of course; but when he finds I have done it for his sake he'll have to relent. If I don't have but a million, that will be better than scraping and twisting for years to save five thousand dollars. Papa always said that neatness or misfortune, I will gladly give my consent to your marriage."

"How much money, papa?"

"Really, Flossie, you are incorrigible. Say five thousand dollars."

"And that, with his present salary, would take five years at least."

"And you would have reached the advanced age of twenty-three."

"Pretty old, papa."

"Yes, in the neighborhood of the serene and yellow."

"I've a good mind to marry Mr. Nicklepod."

"Excellent idea. He would doubtless settle a million on you, and be accommodating enough to die in a month or two."

"He's most kind enough to die, isn't he?" Judge Somerton looked up from his pile of papers, and gave his daughter's speaking countenance a quick examination. There was something in her manner of asking this question a little different from usual, and the judge was an expert in detecting shades of this kind.

"Mr. Nicklepod told me one day that he would give any thing if he could have me about his house all the time," the girl went on, half laughing and half pouting.

"You would make a splendid trumpet, Flossie."

"The judge's suspicions were quite allayed now, and the easiest way out of these annoying love complications was to treat the matter as lightly as possible."

"O my lungs are good," said Flossie; "and I wouldn't mind singing into the trumpet. Papa Somerton, what a lark! Think of how many edifying things I could say with my back to the poor old gentleman. I could abuse him to all the furniture in the house, and he'd never be the wiser. I'll consider it, papa."

"When a woman considers, she is generally safe."

At this point the judge resumed his search among the intricacies of chirography, and his daughter went on with her dusting and putting to rights. After awhile the silence was again broken by the latter.

"You were poor when you married, papa?"

"As a church mouse, Flossie."

"Why did you do it?"

"Because I didn't know any better."

"But you and mamma were very happy."

"Florence," and now the kindly, middle-aged man brought his hand down hard upon his desk, "if I had waited I had saved some money your mother would be alive now. It was hardship and poverty that sowed the seeds of a fatal disease. In three years, Flossie, there were two children born to us. My salary was quite inadequate for all the added expenses. Then came feet tingles and heartaches, and a six-months' illness of my own. We suffered as none can understand save those who have had similar experiences. Your mother was eighteen, Flossie. She should not have married at that age. Our love was all right, but our marriage at that time was a fatal mistake. Now you know why I advise you as I do."

Long after the judge had left the house the saddening effect of his words remained, but youth is unable to remain very long in the shadow of another's grief, and so after awhile Miss Florence doffed her sweeping-cap, put away her sad thoughts, and went out in the garden. It was a warm April day, and shrubs and grass were responding in their brightest manner to Nature's caressing invitation. Such a day was too much for Flossie. She could scarcely have been sad under any provocation, but a look at the bright, sunny face and sparkling brown eyes was enough to convince one that the spirit of mischief was exceedingly strong within her. Her coquettish earthen hat was posed at the exact angle for becomingness, and her plump little figure, arrayed in a dress she had cut and made with her own fair hands, was to be looked after and admired by every lover of harmony. There was a gate leading from the judge's garden to that of his millionaire neighbor, the latter being possessed of that genial and generous disposition which likes to share its pleasures with others. Mr. Nicklepod, who was fond of working with his hands, spent much of his time in his large hothouses, and thither the young woman, humming and smiling, betook herself. Mr. Nicklepod's ear-trumpet reposed by the side of a bed of carnation-pinks, while its owner busied himself with some orange-trees further on.

"I wonder how long I could stand it to yell into an ear-trumpet?" the visitor soliloquized. "Of course I could hold it when I didn't feel like talking. But then I suppose I'd be making signs and faces at me, and I should have to make faces and signs at him, and that would be worse than the trumpet."

With this the judge's daughter seized the somewhat formidable-looking instrument and went to meet her friend.

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RIGHTS AND DUTIES.

The Importance of Using One's Privileges to the Best Good of Society.

The truth that every new right secured involves new obligations and new duties needs much more emphasis than it at present receives. The desire to gain rights is strong enough and sufficiently manifested, but the desire to fulfill worthily the trusts they impose is comparatively weak. A man, chained hand and foot is certainly deprived of the right of free motion, and justly demands release. But direct his direct steps? How shall he use his hands? What good thing is he to bring out of his liberty that is impossible before? If he uses his newly-found power only to abuse and maltreat his fellowmen, it may well be doubted whether, after all, his former state of restraint were not preferable. So with all other rights—free thought, free speech, free press, free labor—they are blessings in proportion as they are exercised for good; when they are used in the interests of selfishness and greed, or to destroy the rights of others, or to break down law and order, they cease to be benefactions, and if carried in such directions beyond certain limits society justly retracts the boon. Rights used in the cause of wrong certainly forfeit their claim to recognition, and render their very name an absurdity. It is time that more emphasis be laid upon moral obligation, both as between man and his fellow-man and between the man and the community. Too many people are developing a keen insight into what they suppose others owe them, while maintaining a dullness of perception truly alarming as to what they owe to others. Clamoring loudly for their own rights, they forget how many rightful claims of others they are constantly withholding. It is, of course, only the few extremely pronounced cases of this injustice with which the law can deal. By far the larger proportion are beyond the reach of law courts. The father of a family, claiming the right to order his own household, robs his children of the most sacred rights, and through avarice, or selfishness, or ill-humor, wrecks their happiness and prospects. Or an avaricious manufacturer, who claims the right to manage his own business without interference, so manages it that his workmen must labor at starvation wages, and his customers must pay full price for an adulterated article. Or the laborer eagerly claims his right to labor at pleasure, and to cease when he will, yet utterly disregards the same right of his fellow-laborer, and compels him, by threat and penalty, to abstain from working at his command. Thus, in the name of liberty, many an ancient tyranny flourishes; in the name of freedom, many a feeble one becomes enslaved; in the name of human rights, many a man and woman is cruelly wronged; in the name of free speech, many a fair reputation is ruined, many falsehoods disseminated, many errors taught. What is needed among us more than the insistence of rights is the enforcement of duty. It should be impressed upon the minds and hearts of all that a right is not something merely to secure, to rejoice in, and to use at pleasure, but that it is a solemn trust to hold, an obligation to fulfill, a power to wield, a responsibility for which each who possesses it is accountable. The question so often asked: "Am I receiving all the rights to which I am entitled?" should be coupled with the more important and searching one: "Am I using all the rights with which I am invested for the best good of society? Am I giving to others as far as my power extends?" It is this attitude of mind which gives breadth and dignity to life, and raises justice in society. Only as men live for something higher and nobler than self can they attain their true value, and only as this is done habitually by individuals can we hope to see an elevated and prosperous community. A movement in this direction is being made by the formation of societies, whose object is said to be "the dissemination of a knowledge of the principles of good citizenship and the promotion of the observance of the duties imposed thereby." We gladly welcome all such endeavors, hoping that their influence may be widely diffused and may help to place the whole doctrine of rights upon the firm and sure basis of righteousness.—Philadelphia Ledger.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

Dr. Henocque, of Paris, has invented a new spectroscopic method for investigating the changes in the blood. It is expected to prove of importance in studying nutrition.

There are in all seven species of parasites known to prey on the Hessian fly. Miss Ormerod, an English woman, famous for her insect knowledge, has hatched them out and classified them.

It is estimated that over 30,000 pianos are in use in the city of Brooklyn alone. In the opinion of some people the time is fast approaching when a piano will become a necessity instead of a luxury.

There are 337 blast furnaces in operation in the United States, producing 125,533 tons per week, and 313 idle, with a weekly capacity of 129,042 tons. The anthracite capacity has increased from 33,692 tons weekly a year ago to 53,278 now.—Public Opinion.

Prof. W. Matten Williams offers as a better explanation than the old one of the zigzag course of lightning that, owing to variations of moisture, the conducting power of different portions of air is variable, and the electric discharge follows the course of least resistance.

The bacillus of cancer is hard to find, and Dr. Senger reports to the Berlin Clinical Society that he has been unable to verify observations claimed to have revealed the organism. Cancer appears to be peculiar to man, as it has never been inoculated in the lower animals.

A new kind of glass has been invented in Sweden which is asserted to possess wonderful microscopic power. While the highest power of an old-fashioned microscope reveals only the 1-400,000th part of an inch, this new glass will enable us to distinguish 1-294,700,000th part of an inch.

Picture frames are now made of paper and colored like walnut, and are so perfect that no one could detect them without cutting them. Paper pulp, glue, linseed oil and carbonate of lime or whitening are mixed together and heated into a thick cream, which, on being allowed to cool, is run into molds and hardened.

The trade in birds for women's hats was so enormous last year that a single London dealer admitted that he sold two millions of small birds of every kind and color. At one auction in one week, there were sold 6,000 birds of paradise, 5,000 Impeyan pheasants, 400,000 humming birds, and other birds from North and South America, and 360,000 feathered skins from India.

According to General Tilo, the continents average 3 deg. C. (54 deg. F.) colder than the oceans between the latitudes of 90 deg. N. and 50 deg. S. The New Continent is 3 deg. colder than the Old; and the Atlantic 26 deg. colder than the Pacific. The northern hemisphere contains 14 per cent. of the cold regions, 35 per cent. of the temperate and 51 per cent. of the hot.

An automatic safety engine, burning kerosene oil, is said to be all that its name implies. The several parts are so well designed that a hot bearing has never been known as yet. The fuel is kerosene oil, at the exceedingly low fire test of 110 to 115 degrees, which makes a cheaper fuel than hard coal at \$1.50 per ton. These engines are adapted to a great variety of work, from running sewing machines to driving elevators. They will never fail where fair usage is granted them.

Celluloid has recently been used as a substitute for copper in sheathing the hulls of vessels, and has been found to answer the purpose admirably. Plates of this substance have been applied to a number of vessels and allowed to remain six months. At the end of that time the parts of the hull left uncovered were found to present abundant collections of marine vegetation, while the celluloid was intact and free from any such vegetable masses. It is said that it can be applied to the hull in very thin plates and yet answer all demands for solidity, resistance to chemical action, etc.—Iron Age.

TURKISH INVITATIONS.

Literary Paroxysms That Are Absolutely Absurd and Nauseating.

The Oriental imagery, so plentiful in all the written communications of the Eastern peoples, has been carried by the Turks to the point where its literary paroxysms become very absurd. One Effendi, or dignitary, writing to another, speaks of himself as "thy servant," "thy miserable valet," "thy slave," and so on, while all his references to the person addressed are to "thy highness," "thy gracious lordship," "thy most exalted personality," and the like.

The Turk, in addressing his equals or superiors, never uses the plain words "you" or "me." Instead of "I saw you the other day at the mosque," he says: "I observed at the mosque the dust of your excellency's feet." There is a Turkish proverb which declares the word "me" to be always and everywhere hateful.

Here are two genuine Turkish invitations to festivals:

"Noble and venerated friend: Tonight, when the silver barque of the moon, now fourteen days old, floats out upon the sky's azure expanse, bestowing upon all the world romance and tenderness, we shall be assembled at the village of Hozret-i-Mollah, a spot full of delights; and all the night, even to the rising of the sun, we shall taste the pleasure of the feast. We shall not admit a delay so great as the thickness of a hair. May the fleetness of sails and the strength of rowers bring thee, thou source of joy, to all thy friends!"

"Most gracious master and most venerated lord: This evening, if it please Allah, when the great king of the army of stars, the sun of all the worlds, shall, setting forth towards the realms of the shadows, thrust his foot into the stirrup of velocity, thou art besought to illuminate us with the bright rays of thy countenance, which, indeed, rivals the sun's. Thy arrival, like that of the zephyr of the spring-time, will, for us, dissipate the somber night of solitude and desolation."

And this ponderous composition is only an invitation to "come and dine at six."—Youth's Companion.

SEEDLESS FRUITS.

Where They Originated and How They Were Carried Around the World.

It is well known that high cultivation tends to produce fruit containing fewer seeds, until at last all the powers of the tree or plant are directed to the perfecting of the pulp. In some cases no seed appears. The finest varieties of plantains and bananas, pineapples and bread-fruit have no seeds. Of course, all such trees and plants have to be propagated from shoots or cuttings. It has been a common belief that the life of such plants could not be prolonged indefinitely. In the case of the apple and the orange this is true. The trees have to be raised from seeds, and the seedless varieties are grafted upon such.

Such varieties of fruit could not arise in a state of nature. They are the result of selection by the early races of mankind. It must have been the case that the fruit was abundant, so that people were content only with the best. It must also have been a favorite, if not a necessary article of food, or men would not have improved it by careful selection.

Humboldt thought that some species of the plantain were native to America, but the early discoverers made no mention of finding it here. If we could prove it to be native, it would raise our estimate of the civilization of the people. As the case stands, the probability is that these seedless fruits were first produced in the East Indies, and from that point have been carried around the world. The name of the banana indicates that it was given in the East, and that the fruit was a leading one in the ancient markets.—Youth's Companion.

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